

ain are neighbors. The natural forces of mutual interests and common purposes together long ago as real friends in voluntary cooperation had not the rulers and statesmen with their cursed meddling and artificial contrivances interposed insuperable barriers which the British Government's proposals seek to continue and perpetuate.

"Had the representatives of the British Dominions at their recent conference sought to meet by friendly and centralizing by machinery the union that now exists between these States and Great Britain they would have disrupted their empire. Wisely for the empire they let well be well be."

"If it had been as wise there would be no Irish problem to-day and Ireland would have been saved a century and a quarter of misery and great Britain a century and a quarter of shame."

"Pitt's work must be scrapped and the debris cleared away to find a foundation for a real and natural union between Ireland and Great Britain. We are struggling to get to that foundation. We know exactly what we are doing, and all who desire to see Great Britain and Ireland friends and at peace will lend a helping hand."

The Freeman's Journal says regarding the cabinet meeting at Inverness that a momentous stage has been reached in the negotiations for Anglo-Irish peace. The paper suggests that on both sides the letter writing cease and that the premier accept the final paragraph of Mr. De Valera's recent resounding plenipotentiary invitation to meet the members of the cabinet.

"A few hours' plain talk," adds the paper, "would, we feel confident, clear the whole situation."

IRELAND'S FATE LIKELY IN COUNCIL MEETING

Seven British Ministers Travel 700 Miles for Conference.

By the Associated Press. LONDON, Sept. 6.—Lord Birkenhead, Lord High Chancellor, and six other Ministers are travelling 700 miles to join the Prime Minister and the rest of the Cabinet—Viscount Pitt, the Irish Viceroy, and Gen. Sir Nevill Macready, commander of the troops in Ireland—in what may prove a most critical meeting concerning the fate of Ireland.

No special salon was provided, the Ministerial party taking ordinary sleepers in the regular train. Earl Burslem, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was indisposed and unable to go.

Never before have the Ministers been called upon to take a similar journey to attend a council in such unusual circumstances. Because of the presence in the neighborhood of Inverness in advance of the meeting of Viscount Pitt, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Secretary for Ireland, Winston Spencer Churchill, Secretary for the Colonies, and Gen. Macready, there have been rumors of informal discussions, tending to the idea that the time had arrived to put an end to the protracted negotiations.

Nothing is positively known to this effect, however, but there is good ground to believe that many members of the Cabinet favor placing a time limit on further discussions. It is likely that everything will depend upon the decision of the Premier himself, and the general impression is that he directly opposes any precipitate breaking of negotiations.

Whether Eamon de Valera's sudden decision to-day to unboomer himself to the press in such a fashion was due to the idea that he might influence the Premier to prevent premature breaking off of the negotiations was the subject of speculation in London. Mr. Lloyd George will meet the King at Moy Hall, where the King is staying, on his way to-morrow morning to join his colleagues at Inverness.

Mr. Daily Mail's political correspondent at Inverness learns from a person in close touch with Premier Lloyd George that the Sinn Fein leaders will at a short time limit in which they will definitely whether they will enter conference on the basis laid down in the Government's offer.

"Alternatives to failure of the Sinn Fein to arrange an accommodation," says the correspondent, "are being considered in consultation with the Irish Viceroy and Gen. Macready."

The correspondent points out that the Government would refer the question to Parliament before reintroducing the policy of repression in Ireland and might submit the issue to the country, thus creating the possibility of a general election, but adds that the Premier retains the sincere hope that the Sinn Fein will realize the dangers of further delay and the essential conditions of his offer.

The London Times considers that the British Government has been at a disadvantage through the method of exchanging written arguments between Dublin and London, and says:

"If the Government brings the discussion to close quarters it will not only convince Ireland of the persistence of the Government's desire for peace, but by no means a negligible consideration—at least will substitute the true atmosphere of peace, making for that of an exhibition of dialectics."

QUICK TRUCE IN CORK HARBOR LABOR REVOLT

Wage for Transport Workers Will Be Arbitrated.

CORK, Sept. 6.—A demonstration on the part of the Transport Workers Union early to-day against the harbor board because of a refusal to pay a minimum wage for the workers ended as suddenly this evening as it arose by reference of the dispute to an arbitral tribunal.

On the conference there will be representatives of the Harbor Board and the transport workers. The presiding officer will be nominated by the Labor Ministry of the Daily Mirror. It is understood that the men will resume work immediately.

BRITISH LABOR ASKS IRISH TO SEEK PEACE

Face to Face Meeting Is Urged as Plan.

By the Associated Press. CARDIFF, Wales, Sept. 6.—The trades union congress discussed upon to-day, and at the end of a long debate adopted unanimously an emergency resolution demanding that the Government summon Parliament immediately and introduce practical schemes for relief work, with necessary financial provisions.

The congress adopted also a resolution approving the efforts of Boards of Guardians, including that of Poplar, which had attempted, in the absence of proper Government assistance, to give adequate relief to the unemployed.

CHANCE DOLES OF BREAD ARE LIKE LAST SACRAMENT FOR VOLGA'S STARVING

Continued from First Page.

town I ascended a ledge of the plateau in a gay spirit.

All the railroad yards and boat landings in the famine area have their hungry refugees, and here at the edge of the woods were residents of Stavropol living for all the world like boys picnicking in the Adirondacks and sleeping in huts. Women were cooking over fires which emitted that sweetest incense of all—burning leaves.

In view of those 324 tons of wheat I felt that I need not be hurt by the thought that the primitive huts had for a month been sheltering hungry families driven from their own hearths by famine and who were waiting in vain to leave for any corner of the continent where they might find bread.

I picked my steps among the huts and heard a voice—the first hostile sound since I entered Russia. A woman was nursing a child. She was surrounded by half a dozen peasants with faces and rage of the same brown burned hue. She might have been thirty-five. Her black hair showed from beneath a dirty headcovering and her eyes gleamed and her large white teeth flashed in the gloom of the hut as she held forth.

She was touching her breast, where a blue-faced baby was lying in apathy, and she was expostulating about something.

"Nepomayou Ruski!" I said quickly. But any one could be telling me that her breast was empty and the baby was going to die.

Well Fed Men Curious. I've said before her a man who had had plenty to eat, and she had had nothing. It was not for herself that she was so dignified, but for her motherhood. It gave her the air of all Russia addressing the outside world.

Discreased by my impotence, I rejoined my colleagues. Some one in the party mentioned being famished, and I volunteered to go in board and face sandwiches from our stores. By the time I returned our party had been hemmed in by refugees. There was nothing strange in this for everywhere we had gone we had been the silent objects of a silent and deferential curiosity.

But to-day we were surrounded by half a hundred full limbed farmers, eyes alive with fever and passion. The secretary from Samara was trying to explain something, but he could not finish the sentence before a volley of heated language burst on him. We asked him to interpret.

They were saying that they wanted food. Unless food came immediately all the children would die. The town cemetery was already filled and they had been burying children in the woods. Unless help came soon the river would freeze and they all must perish.

One swift flash of logic lighted up the count of protests. "We are peasants and we feed the cities," one man argued. "If you let us die you die yourselves. You must save us."

There was no tone of subservience, and there were no messages to far away Moscow. They were men who wanted to live and they spoke straight.

"Mussorgsky, my son there," cried a peasant, pointing to a fine looking boy of 15, "hasn't eaten for four days."

Someone pushed forward a lad, white puffs under his eyes and swollen wrists, with the words, "Only two days more to live." Another child was brought up. His abdomen had distended to incredible proportions. A wonderful old man with a long beard and loving eyes, a Tolstoi curly-haired baby under a sheepskin coat. He didn't fear death for himself. He wanted his grandson to survive.

They held their so-called bread for us to see—greenish stuff, made of pulverized dried weeds. The talking grew louder. They crowded in on us. A woman began to weep and was rebuked by a stern relative.

Hoover Relief Explained. Something had to be undertaken to stem the rising tide of hostility. The time had come to deliver a message of American relief. One day we had asked the Governor of Samara whether the news of the Hoover agreement had reached the peasants, and he had said, "No."

"If they weren't to be told until the relief had materialized so that they would not be disappointed and every impetus for self-help could be utilized."

"I told them long ago. They want help right away," we insisted.

So he began afresh. The "peasants" in far away America had heard of drought and suffering in Russia and were sending grain to their distant brothers. He described how the grain must be harvested and carted and loaded onto ships to cross the ocean and carried to the railroad to be distributed.

When he ended one good soul took off his cap. But the secretary sharply commanded him to put it back. The flow of protests began again. They thanked us, but the Volga was gone. We tried the magic of reason. "Think," we said, "if famine had been in America how long it would be before the Russian peasant could send food to his brother beyond the seas."

But what we were doing was not bringing the gospel of hope but sealing their fate. Everything we said merely went to show that we, six strangers, were not going to be able to save their lives. But they saw that we meant well. The secretary of Samara sealed us to the position of emissaries of the American Government come to survey the needs and eager to do all possible to bring relief. Yet their last chance of

Shipload of U. S. Relief Food Reaches Petrograd

By the Associated Press.

RIGA, Sept. 6.—The American steamship Phoenix has taken into Petrograd the first consignment of American food for the starving children of Russia, says a despatch to the Latvian Telegraph Agency from Moscow. The vessel sailed from Hamburg. The American Relief Administration on Monday sent its first train direct to Samara from Moscow.

rescue, which we personified, had been disappeared.

Then followed that rarest occurrence in this world of men. All began to weep. Tears streamed from the red, hunted, eyes of the scores of stalwart men about us, looking straight ahead to their destruction. Tears flowed from our eyes. We could see but could not save.

Choking with grief we retired to our guard. We passed the high pile of wheat bales to the solitary sentry. It was a most preposterous spectacle of a soldier could have conjured. It screamed of some colossal fraud that all those weeping men must be condemned to die in the presence of these tons of grain.

The Secretary previously had explained. That was the seed. That was one-fifth of the allotment of Stavropol to the starving children of Russia. There was only a fortnight before the planting.

It was safe enough with its one guarding soldier. For the Russian peasant at a glance that the Russian peasant would die before he stole from the future.

Since then I have seen the same reverence for next year, when men eat grass rather than flinch what belongs to tomorrow. In some respects this seems to be the most significant truth I have gathered in Russia.

The unschooled, primitive, apathetic Russian peasant has this virtue and surely it is worth much to the world.

No Riots for Food. The refugees at Stavropol not only have accepted their starvation in the presence of 300 tons of seed grain, but their collection of huts sometimes is within a quarter of a mile of the market where food is offered for sale. No policeman is standing guard at the market. That this property is sacred to their simple minds indicates the remarkable respect for authority which may be found generally throughout the famine district.

At the Samara railroad station a restaurant lately has been reopened, disappointing of every delicacy from hors d'oeuvres to steak and pastries and coffee. Half of it gives the appearance of a great sanctuary, with an imposing buffet like an altar and long linen draped tables.

The costliest dish is 30 cents. The other half of the restaurant is an enclosure for waiting passengers. The walls are covered with gaudy lithographs conveying the teaching of communism. The space is overcrowded with scores of starving families. With the odors of that functioning restaurant they spend the nights ignorant of temptation. Possible 15,000 starving refugees are at Samara, and they are waiting for the cries of vendors in the market places and the babble of voices offering food for sale.

At Stavropol Landing, however, has only an improvised market, catering to a few resident officials and passengers of river steamers which put up there three times a day. It has perhaps twenty-five ragged merchants in all, each with miserably small stocks displayed on top of old stands, or on rags spread on the ground.

There bread, that came from the cities through freshly opened channels of free trade, may be bought along with melons and fruits from the farms. These fruits compose nearly the entire yield, and they had prospered because of the late showers that came after the grain fields had been scorched black.

We did not recognize the relationship between the market of Stavropol Landing and our refugees in the woods above until we had returned from an inspection of the town late in the afternoon. We were to be sorely tried by a drama on a sandy slope, and we had been trying ever since to muster courage to propose surrendering a share of our own stores, which we believed was the only way we could help.

An Experience in Relief. We had said before we entered the Volga region that we four correspondents could do nothing to relieve or ameliorate the suffering, and that the situation was one where organized relief alone could be desirable. What could individuals do for millions? We possessed two huge loaves of white colored bread, luscious products of free trade Samara. I found myself wishing I might give one of them to that first woman in the hut who sat with a blue faced baby at her wretched breast. This was inadequate for the impetuous Gibbons, who was ready to send out all our personal provisions, if the rest would permit him to do so.

It was then that some one thought of the market and suggested that we buy bread to feed a lot of children—many more than our few parcels could provide for. When we got to figuring we calculated that we might put sixty of our guests on the sands. If thirty pounds of bread could be had we could get a half pound of bread in the hands of each.

The secretary from Samara was called into the consultation and he despatched a sailor to the market to inquire if bread could be bought. "Yes, there was plenty," was the answer. At the same time the purchasing squad set out marketing the local gendarme, a robust six foot soldier with big soft eyes and twisted mustache, proceeded to the huts above to proclaim that children were to be fed and mothers with infants in arms were to have preference.

No proclamation ever inspired more instantaneous or staggering response. It was inhuman, fantastic. Within a flash women hurried down upon us from the

slope of the river bank. The crowd of mothers crossed the spacious honey colored plain with incredible progress. It seemed as if no limbs impelled them. These were not frantic persons. They were a mass of rushing rags and bodies and arms, bearing babes, plunging upon us in a tide of terrific fury.

Then the sands poured with children. They came from nowhere. They simply materialized. We had anticipated three-score guests. And the soft eyed German gendarme was arranging before us two compact lines—one of the mothers with infants and one of older children—lines that stretched hundreds of feet.

We counted and 350 fell within our definition of those who could be fed. Our buyers had come from the market and had set a table in front and were whetting the knives. They had piled a few tawny loaves upon a chair. These few were all they had been able to purchase. No second survey of the crowd and a glance at the bread was needed to appreciate that we had failed.

There would be no miracle that day with twelve bushels of fragments to be gathered up, but we had one solace in our defeat—we could weep together with the women and children.

But we made a last effort and sent a wagon scouring Stavropol town to bring back 350 pounds of bread. The wagon did not return until morning and if it had not been for a merciful merchant who ran ten miles afoot—there are back-to-back in our defeat—we could we could not have kept faith with our guests.

At midnight beside the ship's lantern on the table we doled out a few more slices to the ragged children who emerged from the gloom and vanished into it. For the adults and for those willing fillers of the earth we had nothing. But most of them understood and approved.

I recall some one remarking appreciatively that evidently in America, too, children came first. That afternoon rather than flinch what belongs to tomorrow, in some respects this seems to be the most significant truth I have gathered in Russia.

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NEW MANDATE NOTE DEFINES U. S. VIEWS

Secretary Hughes Demands Open Door Policy of Trade and Opportunity.

ANNEXATIONS OPPOSED

Nations Receiving Mandates Considered as Trustees for Civilization.

SECRECY NOT EXPLAINED

American Rights Maintained in Setting Forth Policy in August Letter.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD. New York Herald Bureau. Washington, D. C., Sept. 6.

The United States Government has addressed a second note to the allied Powers relative to its position on mandates, it became known to-day. These identical notes were sent to the American Ambassadors in the capitals of these allied Governments the middle of August, and no explanation is given as to the reason for the secrecy maintained concerning them.

The occasion for making this second explanation of the American position on mandates was an inquiry from the allied Powers on the position of the Government of the United States on mandates of classes known as A and B. The fact that the allied Powers have asked for a statement of this Government's position on these mandates is regarded as an acknowledgment of the right of the United States to participate in their disposition.

Owing to the fact that the notes are technical in character and refer to paragraphs in the Versailles treaty and to sections and paragraphs in the original mandate note addressed on the subject of the island of Yap, the text will not be made public. This latest note on mandates is supplementary to those written on Yap. Class A mandates refer to mandates in the Near East, such as Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia. Class B mandates are those mandates granted in the continent of Africa.

While supplementary to the notes on Yap, the notes relating to classes A and B so further in stating the general position of the American Government on mandates, and probably were sent in order to complete the record of this Government's position prior to the meeting of the international conference in Washington. At that time it is expected the American Government will endeavor to have its position on mandates adopted as part of the "principles and policies" which it deems essential for complete international understanding.

In a general way these notes "assume" that in the disposal of the mandates the allied Powers had no desire to take advantage of the fact that the United States has not ratified the Versailles treaty. Since the mandates in question refer specifically to the rights of the nationals of those nations which are members of the league, the United States calls attention to the fact that Germany, in the Versailles treaty and again in the treaty made directly with the United States Government, cedes possession of her foreign territories to the principal allies and associated Powers. Accordingly, the United States maintains its right to participate in their final disposal.

The substance of the claim put forth by the United States is in effect that any nation receiving a mandate for German territory is a trustee, and that the mandates in no sense are to be regarded as annexations.

Secretary Hughes reiterates the position of the United States in favor of an open door into these territories, giving to the nationals of the United States the same rights exercised by nationals of countries belonging to the League of Nations.

While no specific reference is made to Mesopotamia or to the oil question, the application of this principle would render nugatory the claim of the British for an exclusive right to exploit oil properties in that section. In some of the mandates granted it is expressly stated that the "capitulations" made with foreign governments common in the Near East section prior to the war shall continue in existence, while in other forms of mandates this provision is omitted. The United States claims that the "capitulations" and agreements which it had in the Near East should remain in effect until the forms of the mandates are finally determined.

SAMOA RULED UNDER NEW ZEALAND LAWS

Principle of Applying Mandate Explained.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—A Wellington, New Zealand, despatch to the London Times says that with reference to reported American representations respecting provisions for the open door and equity in commerce, the New Zealand Government territories, it is pointed out that New Zealand has applied the Samoa mandate on the principle of governing the territory as an integral portion of the country holding the mandate.

For years the New Zealand law has given preference to the British Empire, and adherence thereto, from which New Zealand saw no reason to depart, is declared to be the main argument favoring the imposition of a preferential import duty in Samoa.

GERMANY PAYS BILLION, COMMISSION REPORTS

Part May 31, Part on Three Months Notes, Rest Sent Here.

PARIS, Sept. 6.—The Reparations Commission to-day issued the following official communication regarding payments by Germany to the Allies:

"On May 31 Germany had paid the Reparations Commission 160,000,000 gold marks and had supplied drafts at three months on the German Treasury for the remainder of the 1,000,000,000 gold marks. The Reparations Commission has now received in approved foreign currency from the German Government 770,000,000 gold marks in redemption of these drafts. Moreover, the German Government has shipped gold to New York to make up the balance of the 1,000,000,000 marks.

"Subject to final adjustment of accounts, the payment due under article 5 of the schedule of payments has been effected."

CIDER SAVES FRENCH VILLAGE FROM BURNING

Firemen Use Supply in Hogsheads When Water Fails.

By the Associated Press. LOIRET, France, Sept. 6.—Hogsheads and tanks of cider pumped by firemen on burning buildings to-day saved the village of Moustoir-Remungo from destruction.

The fire already had destroyed eight houses and was communicating to others when the water supply became exhausted and the firemen requisitioned the cider.

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